The EVENING EDITION World.

PRICE ONE CENT. NEW YORK, FRIDAY, MARCH 8, 1889. PRICE ONE CENT.

ERICSSON GONE.

End of a Long Life of Incalculable Benefit to Mankind.

"Give Me Rest" the Last Words of the Noble Old Inventor.

The Monitor His Great Boon to America!

He Died Early This Morning at His Home in Beach Street.

After a long life of incalculable usefulness, Capt. John Ericsson has paid the debt to nature, and passed on to the majority.

CAPT. JOHN ERICSSON.

The great engineer died peacefully early this morning at 36 Beach street, his home since 1862. The house is an old-fashioned, large-roomed brick structure, with heavy green blinds and white portals.

Surrounding the bedside of the dying engineer and inventor were his private secretary, S. W. Taylor, who had served him thirty years; V. F. Lassoe, his superintending engineer; Dr. Boulee and a professional nurse.

Although John Ericsson would have been eighty-six years old on July 31 next, he had been an exceedingly robust man, energetic and untiring in his work, up to a very few weeks ago, when a change began to be visible. Two weeks ago the old Captain began to fail rapidly, an old kidney difficulty troubling him. But he would not submit to any restriction of his activity until Tuesday night. He had gradually lost strength and appetite, and was weak for days that he had to be helped about the house.

Wednesday morning he yielded to the entreaties of Mr. Taylor and did not arise. Dr. Markoe was called in in consultation with Dr. Boulee, but it was evident that the giant was nearing his end.

He died at 12.39 o'clock this morning, conscious and cheerful to the last. Yesterday morning he was out of bed, but his final dissolution began perceptibly at noon.

"Am I going to die?" he asked Dr. Boulee, without the slightest accent of fear or regret. "The rest is beautiful! Give me rest!"

These were the last words of the dying man, and a few minutes later the stout heart stopped its beating.

John Ericsson leaves no immediate family. Many years ago he married an English woman, but she died childless more than a quarter of a century ago.

Ericsson was born in the province of Wermland, Sweden, July 31, 1803. His father, Olof Ericsson, was the proprietor of mines; his mother, Sophie, was the daughter of an ironmaster, Nila. In 1839 Capt. Ericsson came to America, and he died in a capacious chamber on the second floor of his American home.

Capt. Ericsson took it for his home just when his name became famous as the maker of the Monitor, which was launched in exactly 100 days from the day its keel plate was laid. Its duel to the death with the Confederate Merrimac at Hampton Roads is the most famous naval battle of history. It saved the Union fleet from destruction, and the Legislature of this State sent a beautifully engrossed resolution of commendation to the great engineer who had made that success possible.

In the expansive parlor of the Beach street home hangs this resolution in a gilt frame, and all about the room are models and pieces of fine mechanism, the product of the fertile and busy brain of the master.

When Capt. Ericsson took up his residence in Beach street it was a highly aristocratic neighborhood. His windows looked out upon St. John's Park, one of the handsomest parks the city ever had. His neighbors included the Lords, the Lillienthals and Rev. Morgan J. Dix.

The site of St. John's Park is now filled with the Hudson street freight depot of the New York Central Railway and the grand old houses of the neighborhood are tenements.

Capt. Ericsson had never a relation in America, but he has nephews and nieces innumerable in Sweden. Among the nephews are Baron John Ericsson, Governor of a Swedish province, with his seat at Ostersund; Col. Carl Ericsson and Prof. Odhner, of London.

Baron Ericsson was notified of the illness of his uncle, and a cablegram was received from him to-day. It said:

Present my affectionate salutation for Capt. Ericsson, and my hope for his soon recovery.

Capt. Ericsson's brain was a mighty and a versatile one. It comprehended everything in mechanics, and while his inventions included the "Novelty" locomotive at a time when the power of steam was just beginning to be appreciated and utilized, and the monitor-turret ship, it also had a niche for smaller things, and the name of the great Swede is a household word as the inventor of the Little Domestic Pumper—"the power of a servant-girl," but of universal usefulness. Hundreds of thousands of these little machines are in use to-day for elevating water to the tops of buildings.

When the Reaper overtook him, Capt. Ericsson was busily engaged in the manufacture of useful inventions and the perfection of others. He worked at the Delamater Iron Works and had a corps of assistants under the direction of V. F. Lassoe. It is pleasant to be able to say that the inventor had so thoroughly inducted his aids into his schemes that not one of his ideas will be lost, as they will be able to complete every one of his inventions in process of development.

Of these the principal one is an atmospheric engine, technically a solar engine and sun motor, whereby the god of day is to be put in harness for the use of man for the propulsion of small machinery.

When John Ericsson was only ten years old he constructed a miniature saw-mill and and pumping machine, which attracted the attention of Count Platen, chief of the great ship canal intersecting the Scandinavian Peninsula, and at twelve, the boy was made a cadet of mechanical engineers, and next year a leveller on the canal. At seventeen, Ensign Ericsson, of the Swedish army, became a lieutenant in recognition of the merit of his military maps by King Charles John (Bernadotte).

At twenty-two Lieut. Ericsson constructed a flame engine of 10-horse power, and next year went to London to introduce his machine, resigning his commission on a promotion to a captaincy.

Capt. Ericsson never returned to his native land, but for thirteen years he labored in England, producing forty machines, a third of which were patented.

These inventions were of the widest diversity and utility. Among them were a file-cutting device; an instrument, still in use, for taking soundings at sea; a hydrostatic weighing machine, an apparatus for making salt from brine, a pumping engine, a rotary steam-engine and a system of artificial draught for steam boilers, dispensing with huge smoke-stacks and economizing fuel.

In 1828 he applied on the Victory the principle of condensing steam and returning the water to the boiler, and in 1832 he gave to the Corsair the centrifugal fan-blowers now generally used in American steam vessels. In 1830 he introduced the link motion for reversing steam engines on the locomotives King William and Adelaide, and in 1834 he superheated steam in an engine on the Regent's Canal Basin.

It was in his twenty-sixth year that Ericsson won the prize and "far exceeded all competitors" in the competition opened by the Liverpool and Manchester Railway for competing locomotives, though he was only seven weeks in planing and building his engine, the Novelty.

The London *Times* of Oct. 8, 1829, in an editorial declared that "it was the lightest and most elegant carriage on the road yesterday, and the velocity with which it moved surprised and amazed every beholder. It shot along the line at the amazing rate of thirty miles an hour." But Stephenson's Rocket proved superior in point of traction.

The same year, sixty years ago, Ericsson constructed a steam fire-engine and its first work was the extinguishing of a fire in the Argyle Rooms.

Ericsson came to America in 1839 and in 1840 the Mechanic's Institute, of this city, gave him its large gold medal for best system of fire-engines.

In 1833 Ericsson astounded the scientific world of London with his famous caloric engine, which was the forerunner of the caloric ship Ericsson, of 2,000 tons burden and 260 feet long, which made the trip from New York to Washington and back in 1853. Though economical of fuel the heated-air motor was not speedy enough at sea for commercial purposes, nor to compete on any large scale with steam, it has been applied successfully in more than six thousand engines to minor useful purposes—pumping, printing, hoisting, grinding, telegraph instruments and sewing-machines.

The second Rumford medals were awarded to Ericsson by the American Academy of Arts and Science for his improvements in the arrangement of heat as exemplified in his caloric engine of 1858.

In 1837 Ericsson built a tug 40 feet by 80, with three feet draught, having two propellers of 5¼ feet diameter. He invited the British Admiralty to inspect it, and towed their barge at a rapid rate; but their lordships declared solemnly that as the motive power was in the stern the tug could not be steered!

The Princeton, the first naval vessel that ever carried her machinery under the water-line out of reach of hostile shot, was the invention of Capt. Ericsson for 1841. In it were a direct-acting steam engine of unusual compactness, a telescopic smoke-stack, a centrifugal blower in the hold and a gun-carriage, with machinery for taking up the recoil. All inventions of the master, the Princeton revolutionized the construction of naval vessels.

Next came the Monitor, the first turreted vessel. In 1854 Ericsson offered the idea to Napoleon, and in 1861 he proposed it to the Federal Navy Department. It was accepted, and by extraordinary energy and skill it was raised from keel to completion in 100 days, and on March 9, 1862, it arrived in Hampton Roads and pitched into the Confederate iron-clad Merrimac, which had destroyed the Cumberland and the Congress and was about to sink or disperse the balance of the Northern fleet.

The Monitor speedily whipped the rebel Merrimac, and the whole course of the war was changed. A fleet of iron-clads of the Monitor style was built, and 629 hot shot which struck a fleet of them in Charleston Harbor eight weeks later failed to make a hole in one of them. The Confederate ram Atlanta was captured and the Nashville was destroyed by the turret ships.

Ericsson's latest scheme was an iron vessel 130 feet long with a submarine 16-inch gun 30 feet long, discharging a projectile of 1,500 pounds weight and containing 300 pounds of gun cotton. This vessel he called the Destroyer, for it was designed to destroy even his own heretofore impregnable invention in naval warfare, for the projectile was to be hurled against the hull of an ironclad beneath the water line armor belt with such effect that the water-tight compartments would be of no avail.

Ericsson's contributions to the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition of 1876 has been described in a 608 quarto-page volume, and it would be futile to attempt even a cursory description of his work.

He had an invention for the computation of the sun's rays; thirteen years ago he was able to announce that the heretofore accepted theory that the moon had no water was an error; the water-guage is his, and a thousand other inventions.

Though Capt. Ericsson left his native land when but a youth, Sweden honored him by the erection in 1867 of a great granite monument quarried by the unpaid labor of the miners. The monument stands before the mansion of his father and bears these words:

John Ericsson was born here in 1803.

News Summary.

Signor Crispi forms a new Ministry which is acceptable to King Humbert.

John Merkin, of Circleville O., commits suicide by inserting the point of a nail in his ear, driving it into his head.

Inspector Steers has been directed by Supt. Murray to fully investigate the charges made against the police by the Liederkranz Society.

Gen. Alexander Shaler's appeal against his removal from the Presidency of the Health Board is argued before the Supreme Court General Term.

The incandescent electric lighting patent held by the Edison Company is declared null and void in Canada by the Dominion court.

The big British ironclad Sultan is wrecked on the Island of Comino, in the Mediterranean, but the captain and crew are saved.

Gen. Legitime sends telegrams to the European governments saying that the Haytian rebellion is crushed and demanding recognition for his Government.

Faranta's Theatre in New Orleans is destroyed by fire.

The litigation between Gen. Goff and Gov. Wilson for the Governorship of West Virginia is begun in the courts.

WALL STREET SHAKEN UP.

MEN AND THINGS SHATTERED BY EXPLOSION IN A NEW BANK BUILDING.

Volumes of Gas Escaped and Ignited While the Meters Were Being Reconnected—Masses of Iron Work and Glass Hurled Into the Middle of the Street—Two Workmen Hurt.

An explosion of gas, which might have been attended with serious results, occurred early this morning in the building of the Bank of America in course of erection at 46 Wall street.

The finishing touches to the structures are being put on and men are working night and day. Gas has been supplied through the medium of a temporary meter.

The house meter, a machine three feet square, was put in a short time ago, and arrangements were made last night to shift the connection from the temporary to the house meter.

John Flanagan, of 340 Second avenue, the foreman of the gas-fitters took John McBride, a helper, who lives at 389 East Eighty-third street, and started to shift the pipes.

At 2 o'clock this morning the job was nearly completed. The pipes were in position, but a miscalculation had been made somewhere. Gas was escaping.

Suddenly, with a boom and a roar, the gas ignited and both men were thrown to the floor. The temporary gratings on the sidewalk were thrown high in the air.

An immense board structure serving as a storm-door was blown out into the middle of the street. A large plate glass window on the second floor was shivered to splinters and pieces of it reached the sidewalk on the other side.

A solid sheet of flame rose from the gratings in the sidewalk and an alarm was sent out. The gass was turned off in the street and the flames died out.

McBride was scorched on the face, neck and arms from the flames, while Flanagan was nearly unconscious from the escaping gas.

The sufferers were taken to the First Precinct, and an ambulance surgeon from the Chambers Street Hospital dressed their wounds. Both men went home.

How and when the leak occurred is not explained. It was a fortunate thing that the gratings over the cellar were temporary. Had they been fixed permanently it is probable that a big hole in the street would have told the story this morning.

The gratings gave way easily, however, and the full force of the explosion was not felt. The damage to the building did not exceed $200.

THE HEALTH BOARD SURPRISED.

Broker Wharton First Complained of the House He Refuses to Vacate.

The officers of the Board of Health are surprised at the published announcement by Broker W. F. Wharton that he will resist the vacation of his elegant home, 72 West Forty-sixth street, ordered by the Board.

As far back as July 2, 1888, Mr. Wharton wrote to the Board, complaining of the water-tank on the roof. He said it was "exposed and freezes, and as the plumbing is mainly dependent on it, we are practically deprived of water during the cold weather."

Inspector W. E. Partridge made an official examination and reported that on the top floor there was an open joint in the ventilating pipes, from which sewer gas was escaping.

On March 2, Dr. H. F. Walker, of 8 East Thirtieth street, wrote to the Board of Health:

The Wharton family are suffering from sore throats, and the eldest son has just recovered from an attack of diphtheria. There was a case a year ago in this house of great severity. One of the servants had quinsy sore throat, and a child is now ill, while Mrs. Wharton is suffering from tonsilitis. I wish to ask that you will have the defective drainage remedied as soon as possible.

THE COPPER CRISIS.

Encouraging Cablegrams Received at the Metal Exchange To-Day.

There are indications that the troubles of the French Copper Syndicate have been staved off for a time, and that the crisis which was threatened two days ago, has been temporarily at least postponed.

The three following special cablegrams were received at the Metal Exchange in this city early this morning:

PARIS, March 8.—The Bank of France has advanced to the Comptoir d'Escompte £4,000,000. Tintos firmer.

BERLIN, March 8.—Rio Tintos opened here at 14⅛ and advanced to 15¼ in sympathy with the London market.

LONDON, March 8.TRio Tintos opened at 14¼, advanced to 15½ and are now selling at 15¼. Market steady.

These are regarded as indicating a more steady market, and in the local market the interest taken by speculators is very slight. The regular London cable this morning quoted copper at £59 per ton, a decline of £1 since yesterday and £10 since the beginning of the week.

London shares do not wholly sympathize with the Paris market, though influenced by it. In Berlin the French copper securities follow London rather than Paris.

The Crisis Not Yet Over.

[BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.]

PARIS, March 8.—The financial crisis is not yet through, although there are no signs of panic. The run on the Comptoir d'Escompte continues, and the Bank of France has advanced 100,000,000 francs to its assistance. Copper stocks are firmer and higher than they were yesterday, and the Syndicate is stronger.

ED STOKES WAS LENIENT.

And His Dishonest Cashier Got Off with a One-Day Sentence.

W. C. Tait, the Hoffman House Café cashier who was arrested on Tuesday on Mr. Ed Stokes's charge of theft, was arraigned for trial this morning in the Court of Special Sessions.

The formal complaint was for the larceny of $1.65, but Mr. Stokes said there had for a long time been an organized conspiracy to rob him of sums reaching from $5 to $10 per day, extending over a period of two months or longer.

Mr. Stokes was in court; but, though he told with some feeling the story of how his patent cash register had been made to go back on him, he did not seem to want to bear very hard upon young Tait.

Tait pleaded guilty and Louis B. Allen, of Howe & Hummel's office, made a plea for mercy in his behalf.

Justice Kilbreth and his colleagues talked with Mr. Stokes in whispers, and the young culprit was let off with one day's imprisonment.

This lets him out at 4 o'clock this afternoon.

Robbed His Mother and Little Sister.

Young Charles Mace, aged twenty, was held at Essex Market Court to-day on charges preferred by his mother of stealing his little sister's gold earrings last Friday, his sister's cloak on Wednesday and his mother's purse yesterday.

He was arrested playing billiards in a saloon.

CLEVELAND STILL POPULAR.

HIS PARTY FOLLOWED BY A CURIOUS CROWD ON THE WAY DOWNTOWN.

Escorted by Three Good Democrats from the Victoria Hotel—J. J. O'Donohue Bought the Tickets—He Got a Seat in the Train and Talked With ex-Mayor Grace.

Shortly after 9.30 o'clock this morning Contractor John D. Crimmins and Joseph J. O'Donohue entered the Victoria Hotel and sent up their cards to Mr. Cleveland, who responded in person, making his appearance with his partner, John Lynde Stetson, who had been an earlier arrival.

The four big men exchanged morning greetings, and after a few moments' conversation left the hotel to walk to the nearest Sixth Avenue Elevated station and go downtown.

The few minutes' chat had allowed the news of Mr. Cleveland's intended exit to become known on the street, and the party walked between a row of hackmen, tradespeople and well-dressed curiosity seekers who had gathered around the door.

The ex-Chief Executive and Mr. O'Donohue led the way down Twenty-seventh street, Mr. Crimmins and Mr. Stetson bringing up the rear.

The party proceeded towards Sixth avenue, followed by a scattered gathering of small boys, while windows were raised and heads thrust forth to get a look at the late head of the nation.

Apparently unconscious of the attention he attracted, Mr. Cleveland turned his head neither to the right or left, but kept up a continual flow of conversation with Mr. O'Donohue.

The big teaman ascended the stairs of the Twenty-eighth street downtown station in advance of the party, purchased the four tickets, and led the way to the platform, where they awaited the arrival of a South Ferry train.

The ticket chopper had signalled Mr. Cleveland's presence to his fellow workman on the opposit track, and all who deposited tickets were evidently told of the news.

An elderly lady gazed across the track through her glasses, her hand holding the ticket being suspended over the box as she looked steadily at Mr. Cleveland. She remained in this position, oblivious to the crowd who were surging behind her.

When the train drew up the Cleveland party entered the rear car, followed by a crowd of passengers, who ignored the other open gates.

The word sped through the train, and the crowd in the rear car was augmented by a dozen more, who came in from the front cars.

The ex-President found a seat beside a woman with huge red mitts and a capacious bundle on her lap. She, of all the crowd, seemed oblivious to Mr. Cleveland's presence.

Ex-Mayor Grace, who was in the adjoining car, folded his paper and was soon at the side of Mr. Cleveland, who greeted him with a cordial handshake.

The two ex-executives then engaged in conversation the remainder of the trip down, Mr. Crimmins putting in a word occasionally, Messrs. Stetson and O'Donohue having been forced by the crowd to occupy distant seats.

The Chatham square network of tracks was a source of great interest to Mr. Cleveland, and Mr. Grace enlarged on the admirable system which prevented accidents at that point.

Arriving at Hanover Square the party disembarked, followed by a crowd, many of whom judging from their conversation had ridden far beyond their destination.

The walk to Mr. Cleveland's office at 45 William street was made in company with a good section of the crowd, which increased rapidly until the party entered the building from the William street side.

HE STRUCK HIS BROTHER.

A Ten-Year-Old Boy Spends a Night in a Prison Cell.

Andrew Thompson, a lad ten years old, was arraigned at the Yorkville Police Court this morning for an assault on his brother Samuel, age fourteen years, last night, in front of 651 Ninth avenue.

Andrew struck his brother across the back with a heavy stick and knocked him almost senseless.

The injured boy was cared for at the Roosevelt Hospital, and was able to go home shortly afterwards. Andrew was arrested and locked up in the Twenty-second Precinct Station-house.

Whether the boys were playing or quarrelling did not appear definitely. Mrs. Thompson, the mother of the boys, stated to the Court that there was no animosity between them, and the blow was more accidental than otherwise, and that her son Samuel was not at all seriously injured.

There being no evidence to show any malicious intent and no disposition to prosecute the lad, the Court dismissed the case with a warning to the boy to be more careful in the future in handling sticks.

Now These Cry for Free Raw Material.

The Legal Protective Association of Cigar Manufacturers held its annual meeting last night at the Café Logeling, East Fifty-seventh street. The manufacturers present represented the great houses of this city, and they were thoroughly unanimous on all subjects but that of the tariff. As a compromise on that they appointed a committee to co-operate with committees from the Tobacco Leaf Board of Trade and the Domestic Tobacco Leaf Growers' Association. During the collation that followed the business meeting, M. Stachelberg, of South Fifth avenue, advocated asking Congress to grant a rebate on cigars made for export. He said that even now, with the duty as it exists, he could make as good cigars for $80 in this city as were sold in Havana to the English market for $100 to $125. The United States would one day supply the world with cigars. R. Monne, of Tampa, said they would do so if they had free tobacco. They could manufacture cheaper and better here than in Havana. The manufacturers want, according to their resolutions, the cigar import stamp left off of boxes, as it discriminates against domestic manufacture, and they do not want the internal revenue tax abolished. Travelling salesmen in the cigar trade received a rub, and some of them were described as "barnacles and dead beats," and Manager M. S. Wise was instructed to keep a record of the unworthy. All the officers were re-elected.

Justice Matthews Better.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

WASHINGTON, March 8.—It was stated at the house of Justice Matthews at 11 o'clock this morning that the Justice had a relapse yesterday, but he is better this morning.

At Guttenburg To-Morrow.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

NORTH HUDSON DRIVING PARK, N. J., March 8.—Here are the Guttenburg entries for Saturday, March 9:

First Race—Purse $200; beaten horses; selling allowances; mile and one-eighth.—Ballot, 114; Suitor, 111; Jim Bradt, 108; Little Mickey, 107; Major, 105; King B., 99; Frankie B., 99 lb.

Second Race—Purse $200; five-eighths of a mile.—Sam Brown, 119; Mollie Thomas, 114; Woodstock, 112; Bradburn, 108; Duke of Cherwell, 108; Bertin, 108; Manhattan, 105; Songster, 105; Ten Rookt, 103; Salona, 100; Lady Archer, 98 lb.

Third Race—Purse $200, three-quarters of a mile.—Johnnie E., 116; Tom Kearns, 116; Beacon, 118; Voucher, 106; Fountain, 106; Can't Tell, 103; Pirate, 103; Billie O. (formerly John Shaw), 103; Gold Fist, 95; Mc wood, 92 lb.

Fourth Race—Seven-eighths of a mile; selling allowances, purse $200.—Havana, 131; Vaditer, 127; Harry Brown, 124; Socks, 124; Pat Diver, 124; Bay Ridge, 124; Allan Oki, 124; Black Prince, 124; Tunis, 124; Mentor, 124 lb.

Fifth Race—Purse $200; selling allowances; six and one-half furlongs.—Count Luna, 110; Esterbok, 102; Volatile, 102; Lord Beaconsfield, 102; Landseer, 102; Harrodsburg, 100; Ben Thompson, 100; Neta, 100; Electricity, 100; Base Viol, 98; Rio Grande, 97; Breton, 96; Weaver, 95 lb.

Mere Chance.

[From Fliegende Blatter.]

"And whose little girl are you, my dear?"

"I am the shoemaker's little girl, but if the stork had only flown just one house further I should have been a little countess."

EXTRA

2 O'CLOCK.

WHO KILLED HIM

Was the Wechsung Atrocity the Work of a Chinaman?

The Murdered Man Had Had Trouble With His Laundryman.

Sam Wah Said: "I Fix Him, I Fix Him."

One of the Most Brutal Crimes Ever Committed in This City.

THE POLICE APPEAR TO BE AT SEA.

The brutal and unparalleled butchery of Guenther Wechsung, the drug clerk employed in Otto Doepfner's drug store, at 937 Third avenue, between 7 and 7.10 o'clock yesterday morning, has horrified the entire city.

Nothing to equal it in savagery has ever before occupied the attention of the police. Who killed him? What was the motive? are questions which Capt. Warts, of the Fifty-first street police station, and a corps of Inspector Byrnes's trained detectives are doing their utmost to solve.

Wechsung was a single man. His friends never heard that he had an enemy.

An EVENING WORLD reporter, investigating the case this morning, found that the only person with whom he was at variance is a Chinaman named Sam Wah, who keeps a laundry at 157 East Fifty-seventh street.

Sam Wah says he has been sixteen years in the country.

Wechsung used to have his linen washed and ironed there until six weeks ago, when he quarrelled with Sam.

Their trouble arose over a white shirt, the bosom of which Wechsung said had been ruined by the Chinaman in ironing.

Sam Wah said the stains complained of were made by medicine, and were on the shirt when sent to him, and that he could not get them out.

When THE EVENING WORLD reporter saw the Chinaman this morning, the latter was very angry, excited and almost livid in color.

He told the reporter in broken English about his trouble with Wechsung, and frequently remarked, "I fix him, I fix him."

"How did you fix him?" the reporter asked at last.

"I know, I know. He sue me for $2.50. I no care for $2.50, but he no get it from me. I get a Lawyer Myers to defend me in court, but Wechsung he no there yesterday."

SAM WAH KNEW.

"He was murdered, chopped to pieces with a hatchet," said the reporter.

"Yes, I knew, but he no come to court. He dead. He no get $2.50 from me," responded the Chinaman.

"Did you see him yesterday?" asked the reporter.

"Me? No."

"When did you see him last?"

"Last week some time."

After that Sam Wah refused to answer direct questions, but continue to talk excitedly, and with great volubility, about Wechsung suing him for $2.50.

NO ONE KNEW ABOUT THE TROUBLE WITH SAM WAH.

Druggist Doepfner knew nothing of this trouble between the Chinaman and his clerk.

Neither did the boy employed in the store.

Neither did the police, but if they work up the clue they may discover some valuable information.

LIKE A CHINESE CRIME.

The crime is essentially Chinese in its description. The only statement made by Wechsung when he was found dying on the floor were the muttered words.

"I was sitting down on the sofa tying up my shoestring when some one hit me and I fell down on the floor. Then he hit me, oh, so many times."

Wechsung came from Klausthal, a village in the mining district of the Hartz Mountains and was educated at the University of Gottingen.

A SOLDIER IN THE PRUSSIAN ARMY.

He served his time in the Prussian army. His father and mother are still living in Prussia. He came to America three years ago.

He went to work first for Mr. Doepfner. On the 6th of January, 1888, he left him because his employer objected to his drinking beer in the store when he was out.

Then he went to work for Mrs. Thalberg Bildenfeld, of 3 Second avenue, whose husband was killed two days later from the effects of a blow it is said he had received at the hands of another clerk named Andreas Holm.

Holm and Wechsung were friends. The latter afterwards went to Brooklyn and worked at 1242 Bedford avenue and 1091 Fulton street.

BACK AT DOEPFNER'S.

Recently he got out of employment. On Jan. 10, 1889, hearing that Mr. Doepfner wanted a clerk again he applied to him for his old position and got it.

He slept in a narrow, cell-like room behind the prescription counter.

HOW HE SPENT WEDNESDAY.

Wednesday was his day off. How he spent it up to 6.30 P. M. is not known, but at that time he met Leo Paulsen, another clerk in a drug store, at Fifty-eighth street and Third avenue, and together they went to supper at Mrs. Henney's house, corner of Fifty-eighth street and Third avenue.

Then they went downtown to a friend's house on Houston street, where they remained a few minutes.

Upon leaving they separated, Paulsen going to a German society meeting on Eleventh street. He don't know where Wechsung went.

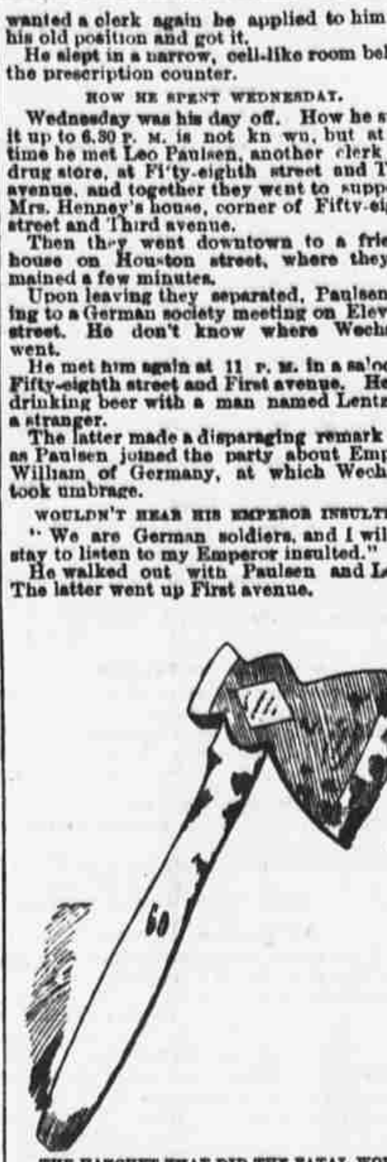
He met him again at 11 P. M. in a saloon at Fifty-eighth street and First avenue. He was drinking beer with a man named Lentz and a stranger.

The latter made a disparaging remark just as Paulsen joined the party about Emperor William of Germany, at which Wechsung took umbrage.

WOULDN'T HEAR HIS EMPEROR INSULTED.

"We are German soldiers, and I will not stay to listen to my Emperor insulted."

He walked out with Paulsen and Lentz. The latter went up First avenue.



THE HATCHET THAT DID THE FATAL WORK.

Wechsung started for his drug store, and Paulsen went to his on the corner.

While unlocking the door the stranger came up to him and said:

"It is all right, Mr. Paulsen. I meant no harm."

"All right. Good night," and they parted.

WHO WAS THE STRANGER?

The stranger wore a gray shirt and derby hat.

THE TIME OF THE MURDER.

At 6.58 o'clock yesterday morning, William Krulisch, the errand boy, arrived at the store. He saw the time by the clock in the window.

He rattled the handle of the door, until Wechsung came to open it.

Wechsung wore his trousers, white shirt, and was in his stocking feet. The boy is sure he had no more clothing on.

"Good-morning. How many degrees is it?" he cried cheerily.

"About thirty below," said the boy. This was a standing weather joke between them every morning.

THE BOY WENT TO THE BAKERY.

Krulisch went in and shut the stove, to get the fire going well. Then the boy started for Loster's bakery, on Third avenue, between Fifty-second and Fifty-third streets, to get two rolls for Mr. Doepfner's breakfast, when he should arise, at 9 o'clock. The clerk did not go to the money-drawer, and the boy was going to use his own money to buy the rolls.

He looked at the clock going out, and saw that it was 7.05.

Plumber McCreary, who lives two flights above the drug-store, has a shop in the basement.

He opened up he thinks at 6.30 yesterday morning. He sent two of his men away and a boy, and then went upstairs to see if there were any packages for him.

The druggist used to receive goods for him that came at night.

He thinks it was about 7.20 when he went into the drug store. The front door was open a little way. He walked in but could see no one.

"Anything here for me?" he shouted, and heard a faint murmer come from behind the prescription counter.

TIRED OF WAITING.

Thinking it came from Wechsung, telling him to wait, he stood for a few minutes drumming on a show case.

While there another man went in, looked through the Directory, and went out.

Becoming impatient, McCreery cried again.

"Have you anything for me?" This time the murmur that answered was so evidently a source of pain that he rushed in behind the prescription counter to see what was the matter.

A HORRIBLE DISCOVERY.

He nearly fell over the prostrate body of the drug clerk, who lay face downward in a pool of blood, his body in the anteroom behind the prescription department, his head lying on the threshhold of the door. The room was dark, the curtain being down, but dark as it was McCreery saw a fearful sight as he stooped over to lift the fallen man up.

He saw the head lying in a pool of blood, which flowed quietly away in a thick stream behind the prescription counter.

A RIVULET OF BLOOD.

In this gory rivulet were chunks of the poor fellow's skull and pieces of his brain, flowing away like chips in a muddy gutter stream.

PLATT OFF TO WASHINGTON

HE ANSWERS HARRISON'S INVITATION IN PERSON AND BY EXPRESS.

Ex-Senator Thomas C. Platt, en route for Florida, left for Washington on the Pennsylvania limited express at 10 o'clock this morning.

He was accompanied by Mrs. Platt, his son and the latter's wife.

Mr. Platt said that they would stop at Washington to call upon President and Mrs. Harrison at the White House. It is understood that this call is to be made by express invitation of Gen. Harrison.

From Washington the party will proceed to Florida in a private car, and will visit St. Augustine, Fernandina and Jacksonville before proceeding to Mrs. Platt's orange grove near Leesville.

Mr. Platt said that he didn't know how long they would wait over in Washington, and when asked if his call on the President had any political significance, shrugged his shoulders in a manner which suggested that the subject was not one for general discussion.

The party will be gone probably two weeks, though Mr. Platt may return before the others.

IS IT JACOBUS?

Hailed at the Custom-House as Next Surveyor of the Port.

President Harrison Said to Have Definitely Promised It Him.

Naval Officer Burt Claiming to Hold On for Two Years Yet.

Matters at the Custom-House are at a crisis just now, and every one seems to be waiting for something to turn up. It is only necessary to go a little beneath the surface to discover that an immense amount of log-rolling and wire-pulling is going on.

The great questions as to who will be the next Collector, the next Surveyor and the next Naval Officer have not yet been answered by any one, and all the old hands are at sea over the conundrum. Naval Officer Silas W. Burt is taking things very easily and says he has not the slightest intention of resigning, claiming that his term of office does not expire till May, 1891.

"But do you expect to hold office until that time?" he was asked.

"Well, that's a question I don't profess to be able to answer," he replied with the slightest indication of a quiver in his upper left eyelid. "I'm not an offensive partisan. Why shouldn't I stay?"

There is one thing pretty well settled, however, in the opinion of the insiders at the Custom-House, and that is that Col. John W. Jacobus is going to step into the shoes of Capt. Hans F. Beattie, the present Surveyor of the Port.

It was stated this morning, on excellent authority, that the Surveyorship had been definitely promised to him by President Harrison, and he has the entire Republican State Committee, as well as influential members of the National Republican Committee, at his back to support his claims.

Col. Jacobus is already hailed as the coming man. His brilliant war record, as well as his effective work for the party for many years, have, his friends claim, entitled him, in the President's opinion, to more than ordinary consideration; for according to this Administration party service is not an obstacle to political preferment. Mr. Jacobus is now in Washington, where he went to attend the inauguration, and he is expected to return with the appointment in his pocket.

THE COUNT IS SHOCKED.

How Could Any One Even Imagine a di Montercoli to Be a Gardener?

Peanutti Carusi, Count di Montercoli, paced the broad corridors of the Hotel Brunswick this morning, with an expression of gloom on his classic features.

He was not at home to visitors, and was doubtless meditating on the depravity of an American public, which seemed to think that he was not a Count but a gardener.

The news of this base allegation reached him at dinner last evening, and he then wished that he had never left his turreted castle on the shores of the blue Mediterranean to form an alliance with the Knox family of Pittsburg's "best."

"It is a base lie," he exclaimed, in fluent Italian and with unmistakable earnestness. "I am a count and here are my passports. Who is my enemy? Who could have said that I am a gardener? I have never been a gardener."

The Count has apparently not won the undivided regard of the hotel employees. Some of them restrain a smile as he passes by, and this does not tend to make him any more cheerful. He is living on the European plan. He says he will not leave America without seeing his mother-in-law.

LARGE DEMOCRATIC GAINS.

The Result of the Elections in Interior Towns Surprising.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

POUGHKEEPSIE, March 8.—The results in the town elections in Dutchess and Columbia Counties are decidedly in favor of the Democrats. Large Democratic gains are reported in both counties.

Last year the Republicans had a good working majority in the Board of Supervisors. This year the Democrats have two majority.

The town of Rhinebeck voted for no license, and that, too, is a surprise.

Up in Columbia County the Democrats gained four towns, and now the Board of Supervisors in that county stands fourteen Democrats and nine Republicans.

HE IS NOT GOING TO BE CAPTIOUS.

Pittsburg's Postmaster Will Not Resign at Present.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

PITTSBURG, Pa., March 8.—Postmaster Larkins's term expires in January. When asked whether he would resign before he said: "I see no reason to in the present outlook.

"I do not know what the policy of the new Administration will be, but I do not propose to be captious. I was appointed by a Democrat and expect to be succeeded by a Republican.

"I am not going to do anything to embarrass anybody."

MURDERED IN THEIR BEDS.

The Frightful Work of Robber-Assassins in Paducah, Ky.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

PADUCAH, Ky., March 8.—Great excitement prevails here over the murder of an entire family and the robbery of their household.

Mitchell Peebles, his wife and two children were found dead in their beds yesterday. They were evidently attacked while asleep.

The house showed evidence of having been ransacked.

It is reported that Peebles had a large sum of money in the house, which he had lately received.

A Temperance Moral.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., March 8.—Hugh Clements, the village blacksmith of West Ghent, Columbia County, started while under the influence of liquor to drive his horse to Stockport. The horse and wagon went over a bank into the river and the horse was drowned. After considerable struggling in the entanglement of carriage and harness the driver became exhausted. He was dead when discovered.